

ACTION 1/3

SIRE 19

PICTURE LIBRARY No.19



CUE FOR MURDER

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the face of death

James Gillan, Manager of Hartley Bank Colliery, Yorkshire, was in his office when news reached him that his Under-Manager was trapped in the mine by fire-damp, the killer gas that explodes when mixed with air. Two men had already made a rescue attempt, but had been forced back by the fumes, to wait for breathing apparatus. Gillan telephoned for a rescue team then descended down the mine alone, taking with him a reviver-set. The set was heavy and Gillan needed all his strength to drag it to where the



Under-Manager lay. Gillan had dragged the unconscious man to within twenty yards of safety, when disaster struck. The oxygen hose became detached from the cylinder and the valuable oxygen escaped. There was no time to fix the pipe back. Holding the unconscious man's head near the escaping oxygen, Gillan took turns with him in sucking in the oxygen—and prayed for the rescue team to arrive. Gillan's endurance paid off, for the team arrived to save both men's lives. Such bravery as Gillan's is never forgotten. And in May, 1960 he was awarded the George Medal.

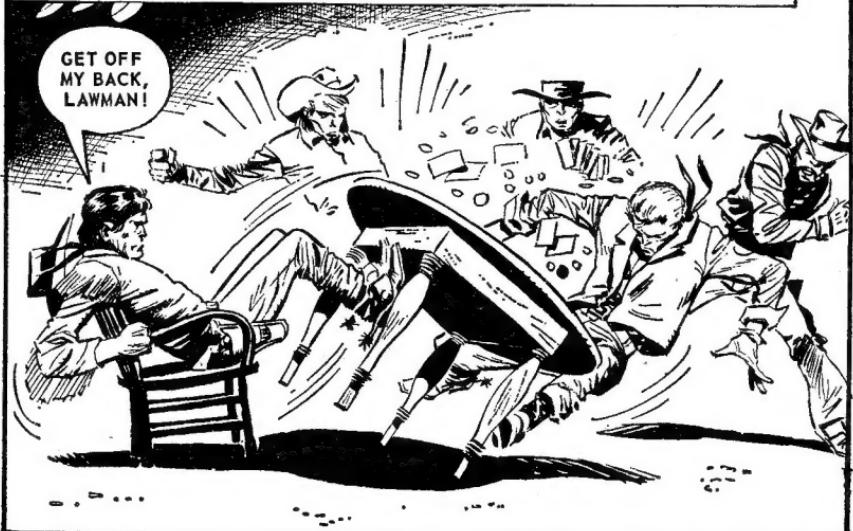
CUE for MURDER



THE UNIT WAS FILMING LOCATION SHOTS FOR "THE LONE STAR STATE" ... WITH GARNETT PLAYING THE TEXAS RANGER HERO ...



THE SALOON BABBLE WAS SILENCED ... AND SUDDENLY ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE ...



A MAN AS BIG AND AS POWERFUL AS THE STAR HIMSELF, THE MAN CALLED HAWTREY THREW HIMSELF BODILY ON THE FALLEN RANGER.



THE EXTRAS SCATTERED AS THE TWO MEN ROLLED ACROSS THE FLOOR....

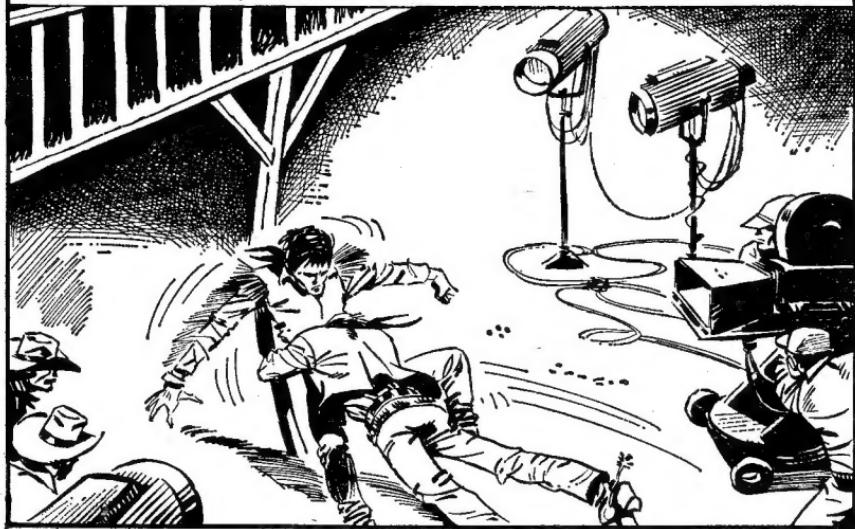


THEY BROKE APART AND HAWTRY SWUNG
A CHAIR...

UGH...



LIKE AN ENRAGED BULL, THE RANGER SHRUGGED OFF THE BLOW AND CHARGED FORWARD.



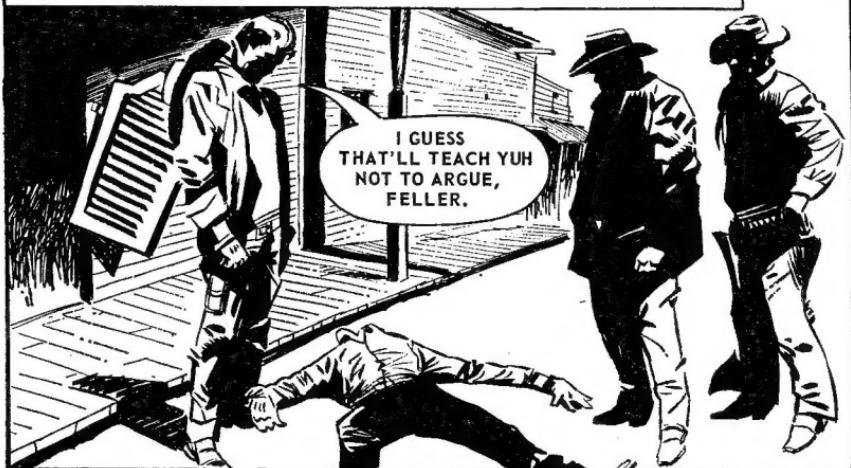
EVERY MOVE, EVERY PUNCH OF THAT FURIOUS FIGHT HAD BEEN
PLANNED AND REHEARSED, YET HOW REAL IT LOOKED ...



GARNETT'S MASSIVE FIST SHOT OUT AND HAWTREY TOPPLED BACKWARDS THROUGH
THE BATWING DOORS ...



HAWTREY FINISHED UP IN THE DUST AND THE RANGER GRINNED DOWN AT HIM.



HE TURNED HIS BACK CONTEMPTUOUSLY AND A BYSTANDER YELLED... RIGHT ON CUE.



THE STAR WHIRLED AROUND, HIS COLT .45
SEEMING TO LEAP TO HIS HAND, TOO FAST
FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW ...

THERE WAS NO CAMERA
FAKE ABOUT THAT DRAW...



IT WAS A PERFECT PIECE OF WESTERN GUNPLAY, ONE FLOYD GARNETT HAD ENACTED
TIME AND TIME AGAIN...



THE DIRECTOR, MAX BRUNOVITCH, GRINNED HAPPILY AS HE TROTTED AFTER HIS STAR.



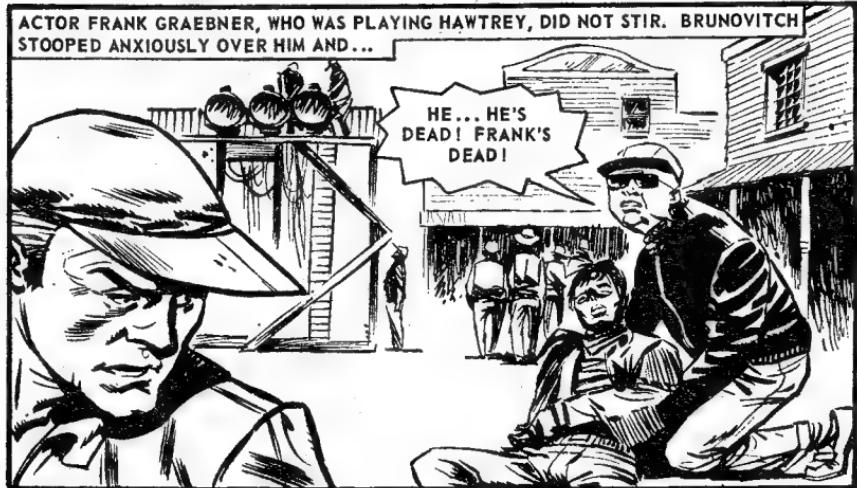
OUTSIDE ON THE SET, MAX BRUNOVITCH WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THE OTHER WESTERN ACTOR STILL ON THE GROUND.

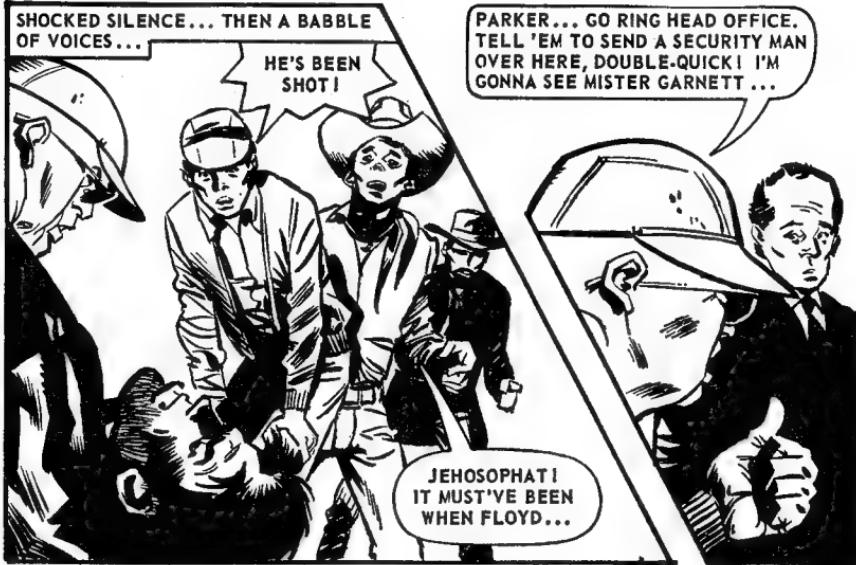
HEY, FRANK...
YOU GONE TO
SLEEP... OR
SOMETHING?



ACTOR FRANK GRAEBNER, WHO WAS PLAYING HAWTRY, DID NOT STIR. BRUNOVITCH STOOPED ANXIOUSLY OVER HIM AND...

HE... HE'S
DEAD! FRANK'S
DEAD!





MAX BRUNOVITCH NERVED HIMSELF...

NO, NO! NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT,
FLOYD. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE, YOU SEE,
WHEN YOU SHOT FRANK, THERE... THERE
MUSTA BEEN A LIVE BULLET IN THE GUN...



NO, IT...
IT'S NO JOKE,
FLOYD! FRANK'S DEAD...
YOU SHOT HIM
DEAD!

THAT DID IT! FLOYD GARNETT HIT THE ROOF!

GUNS WERE ONE OF FLOYD GARNETT'S Hobbies...

SAM! YOU BEEN
FOOLING AROUND WITH MY
COLT 'FORTY-FIVE?
C'MON, ANSWER, YOU
DUMB JERK!

WHERE'S
THE PROP MAN
THEN? HE'S THE
GUY WHO SUPPLIED
THE BULLETS
FOR THAT
SCENE...

ME, I NEVER
TOUCHED IT, MISTER
GARNETT. Y'KNOW
YUH NEVER LET ME
TOUCH IT!

BUT BOB BARNABY, ONE OF THE FILM COMPANY'S SECURITY MEN, WAS ALREADY
QUESTIONING THE PROPERTY MAN...

WHEN MISTER GARNETT'S DRESSER
CAME FOR THE BULLETS, I GAVE HIM
BLANKSI I'LL SWEAR TO THAT! I
AIN'T GOT NO LIVE ROUNDS HERE,
MISTER BARNABY.

MISTER
GARNETT'S
DRESSER,
HUH?

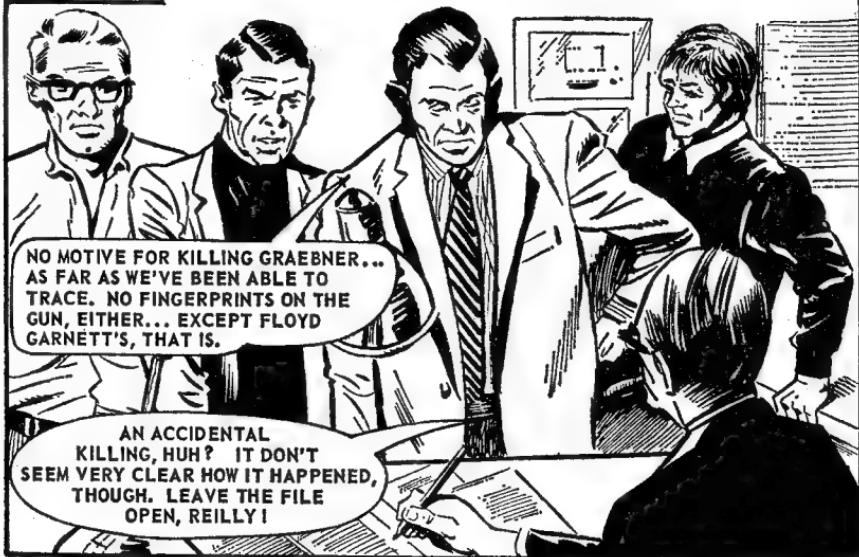
THE KILLER GUN WAS EXAMINED. THE REST OF THE CHAMBERS WERE FILLED... WITH BLANKS.

BUT MISTER GARNETT ALWAYS LOADS THE GUN HIMSELF... AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MISTER GARNETT?

YEAH, I GUESS SO.
BUT LISTEN HERE,
BARNABY, YOU DON'T
THINK I'D BE FOOL ENOUGH
TO PUT A LIVE SLUG
IN THE GUN,
DO YOU?

ANYWAYS, THAT GUN'S BEEN LYING AROUND HERE ALL DAY, MISTER BARNABY. ANYONE COULD'VE TAMPED WITH IT!

INVESTIGATIONS BY THE STATE'S HOMICIDE BUREAU DID NO MORE THAN CONFIRM THAT VIEW...



CAPTAIN PAINTER OF HOMICIDE TURNED TO BOB BARNABY...



THERE WAS ONE MORE SCENE OF "THE LONE STAR STATE" TO BE SHOT... A CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE...



ON ORDERS FROM HEAD OFFICE, BOB BARNABY HAD TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF CHECKING ALL WEAPONS TO BE USED IN THE DAY'S "SHOOTING".



FLOYD GARNETT WAS
"RIDING SHOTGUN" ON THE
STAGE-COACH IN A SEQUENCE
WHERE HE WAS BEING
PURSUED BY OUTLAWS...



OUTLAW AFTER OUTLAW "BIT THE
DUST" AS THE CHASE WENT ON...



BUT ONE MAN SURVIVED THE DEADLY ACCURATE FIRE OF THE TEXAS RANGER...



THE TEAM OF HORSES HAD THE BITS BETWEEN THEIR TEETH, BUT FLOYD GARNETT COULD HANDLE HORSES AS WELL AS HE COULD HANDLE A GUN...



ALONG A NARROW MOUNTAIN
TRAIL THEY THUNDERED.



'BIG BILL' BOWIE, ACE STUNT MAN, COOLLY JUDGED THE GAP BETWEEN THE COACH'S
WHEELS AND THE STEEP DROP BESIDE THE TRACK.



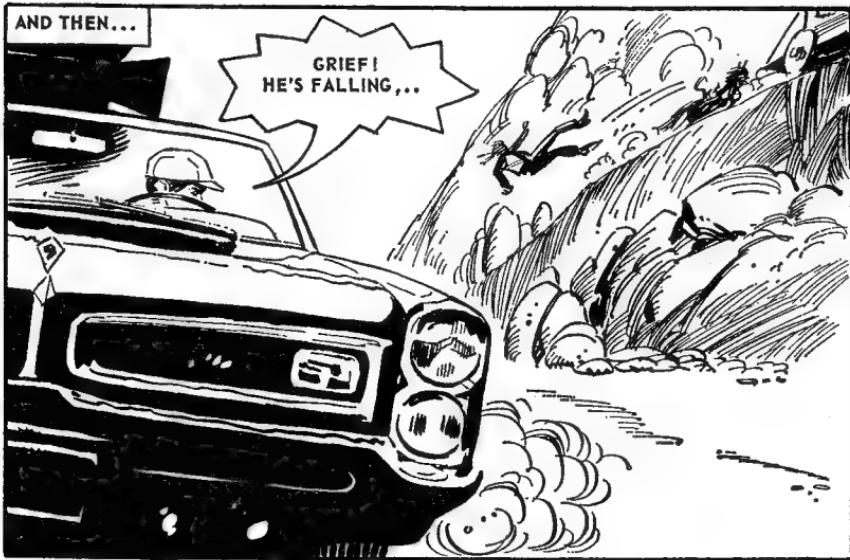
IT WAS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS STUNT, EVEN FOR BIG BILL... BUT IT WAS THE SORT OF ACTION SCENE THAT MADE A FLOYD GARNETT FILM SO EXCITING.



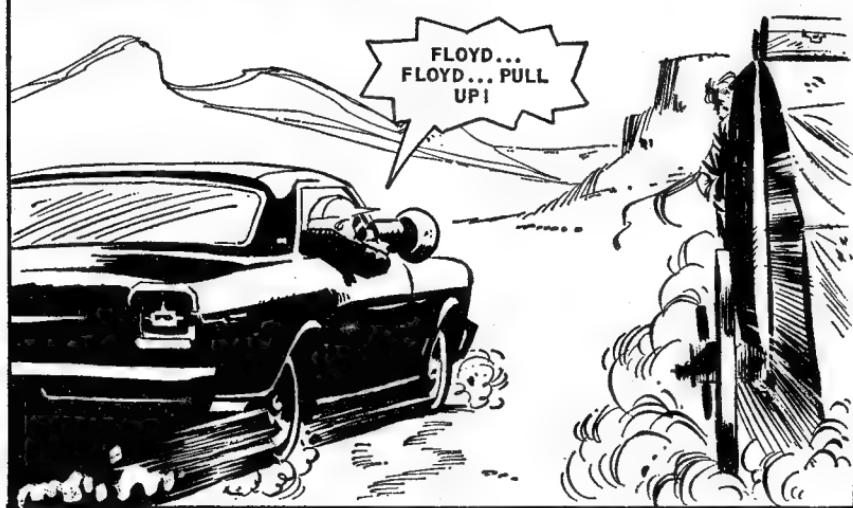
HECK!
BIG BILL SURE
EARNS HIS MONEY!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT
FOR A MILLION
DOLLARS!



THE STUNT MAN EASED HIMSELF UP ON TO HIS
SADDLE, PREPARATORY TO HIS DEATH-DEFYING
LEAP ON TO THE SIDE OF THE COACH.



OVER THE EDGE OF THE TRACK PLUMMETED BIG BILL, TO LAND WITH A SICKENING THUD AMONG THE ROCKS BELOW...



BOB BARNABY HAD ALREADY REACHED THE SPOT WHERE THE STUNT MAN HAD FALLEN...



BOWIE HAD SURVIVED A COUPLE OF HUNDRED HAIR-RAISING STUNTS... BUT NOT THIS ONE!



FIRST
GRAEBNER...
NOW BOWIE!
WHAT IS THERE...
SOME SORTA
JINX ON THIS
PICTURE?



BUT ANY TALK OF A JINX WAS SOON
DISPELLED...



LOOK AT
THIS, CHARLIE...
THE GIRTH HAS
BEEN CUT HALFWAY
THROUGH! WHEN
BILL CLIMBED ON
TO THE SADDLE,
EVERYTHING CAME
ADRIFT!



IT WAS
NO ACCIDENT!
SOMEONE INTENDED BILL
TO BREAK HIS
NECK!

POLICE ENQUIRIES UNEARTHED NOTHING THAT
WOULD INCRIMINATE ANYBODY... WHO COULD
HAVE DONE SUCH A THING? IT WAS A QUESTION
THAT WAS TO OCCUPY THE HOMICIDE BUREAU
TO THE FULL IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED...



WHAT HAVE WE GOT THEN?
GRAEBNER, SCREEN ACTOR FOR
FIFTEEN YEARS, MOSTLY IN
WESTERNS. A BIG, TOUGH GUY...
BUT WITH NO CRIMINAL RECORD.

NO
COMPLICATED
PRIVATE LIFE...



UNLESS, OF COURSE, SOME PSYCHO CHARACTER IS HITTING AT FLOYD GARNETT THROUGH HIS PICTURE... EVEN GETTING HIM INVOLVED IN THE KILLINGS.



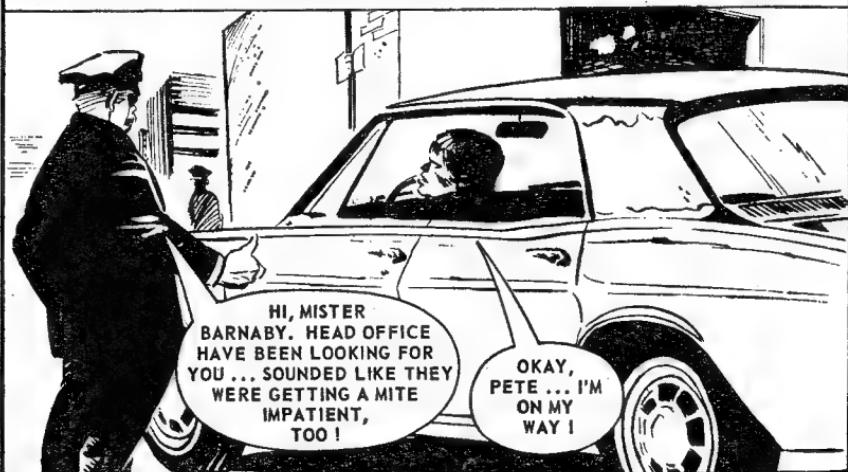
COULD BE, CAPTAIN !
GARNETT'S MADE
MORE THAN A FEW
ENEMIES IN HIS
CAREER.

HE'S NEVER GIVEN A HOOT FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS ... AND ONLY THE FACT THAT HE'S A STAR HAS LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

OKAY, THEN. WE FOLLOW UP THAT ANGLE, FELLERS. DIG THE DIRT ON GARNETT'S BACKGROUND ...



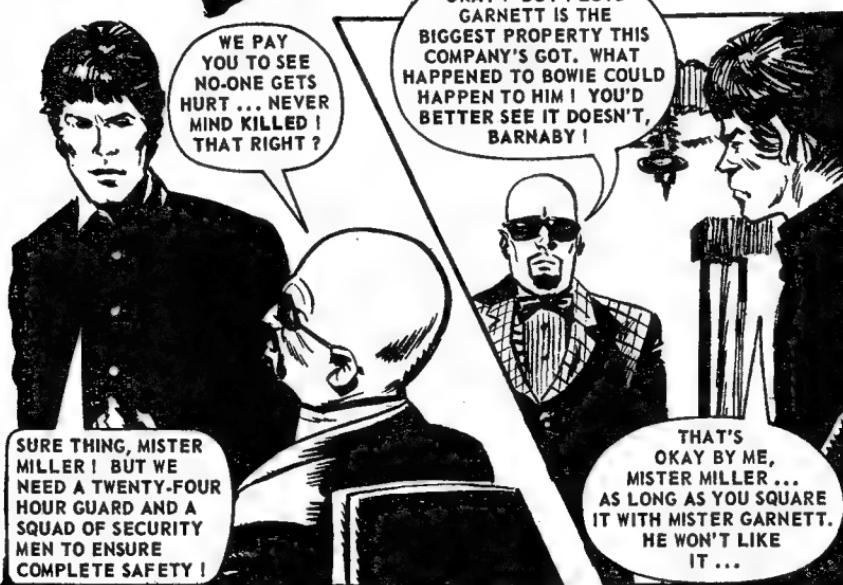
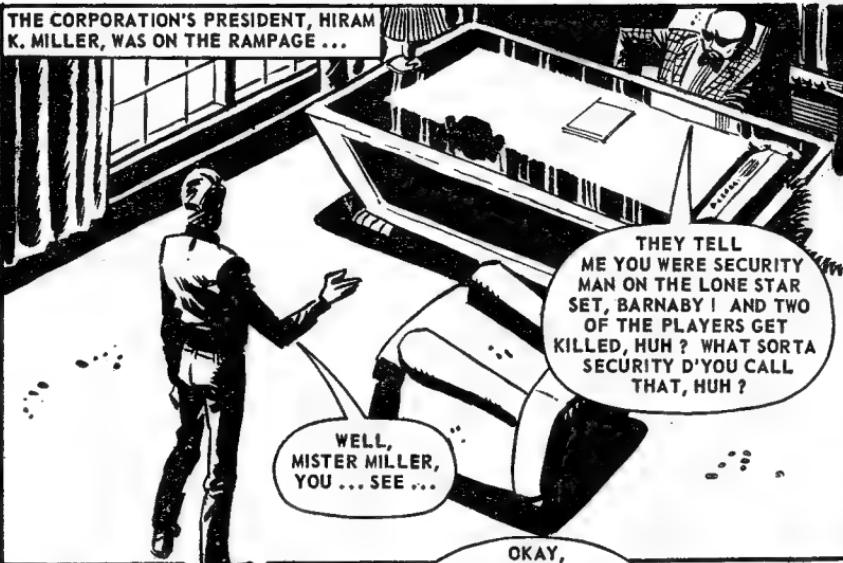
BUT BOB BARNABY WAS IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF STUPENDOUS FILM CORPORATION ...



HI, MISTER
BARNABY. HEAD OFFICE
HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR
YOU ... SOUNDED LIKE THEY
WERE GETTING A MITE
IMPATIENT,
TOO !

OKAY,
PETE ... I'M
ON MY
WAY !

THE CORPORATION'S PRESIDENT, HIRAM K. MILLER, WAS ON THE RAMPAGE ...



FLOYD GARNETT DID NOT LIKE IT !

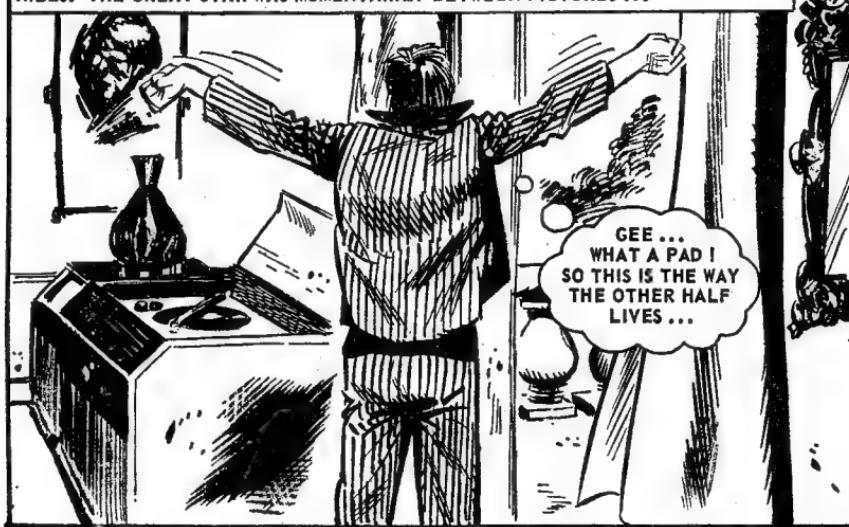
I DON'T NEED ANY
DURNED NURSEMAID, HIRAM ...
NEVER HAVE !

YEAH, YEAH. I KNOW
THAT, FLOYD. BUT STUPENDOUS
HAVE A MIGHTY BIG INVESTMENT
IN YOU. LET'S SAY WE'RE DOING
IT TO PROTECT OUR
INVESTMENT, HUH ?



SO BOB BARNABY MOVED INTO FLOYD GARNETT'S PALATIAL MANSION IN BEVERLEY HILLS. THE GREAT STAR WAS MOMENTARILY BETWEEN PICTURES ...

GEE ...
WHAT A PAD !
SO THIS IS THE WAY
THE OTHER HALF LIVES ...



THE BALCONY OF BOB'S BEDROOM OVERLOOKED A FABULOUS GARDEN ... AND THE STAR'S PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL.



HEY,
FELLER ...
COME ON DOWN !
YOU LOOK AS IF
SOME EXERCISE
WOULD DO YOU
GOOD !



LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU CAN
DO, BARNABY.
UP TO THE OTHER
END OF THE POOL
AND BACK ...
RIGHT ?

BOB WAS CONSIDERED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD SWIMMER, BUT GARNETT LEFT HIM FLOUNDERING ...



EFFORTLESSLY, THE STAR HOISTED HIMSELF ON TO THE TILED EDGE OF THE POOL ...



THE MAN SEEMED TO MAKE A FETISH OF PHYSICAL FITNESS ...



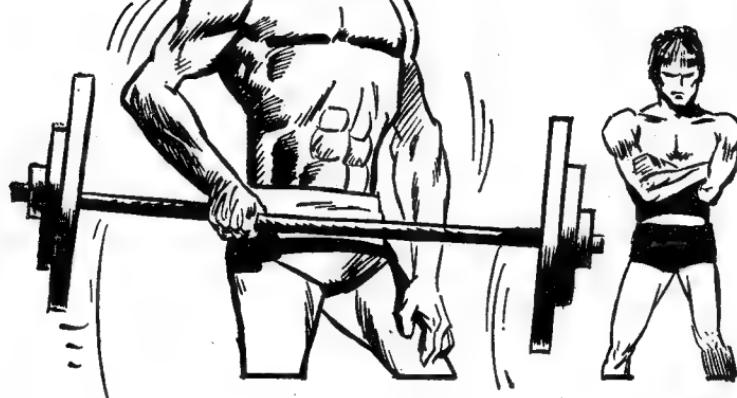
YOU'VE
GOT TOO MUCH
FAT, BARNABY ...
THAT'S YOUR
TROUBLE!

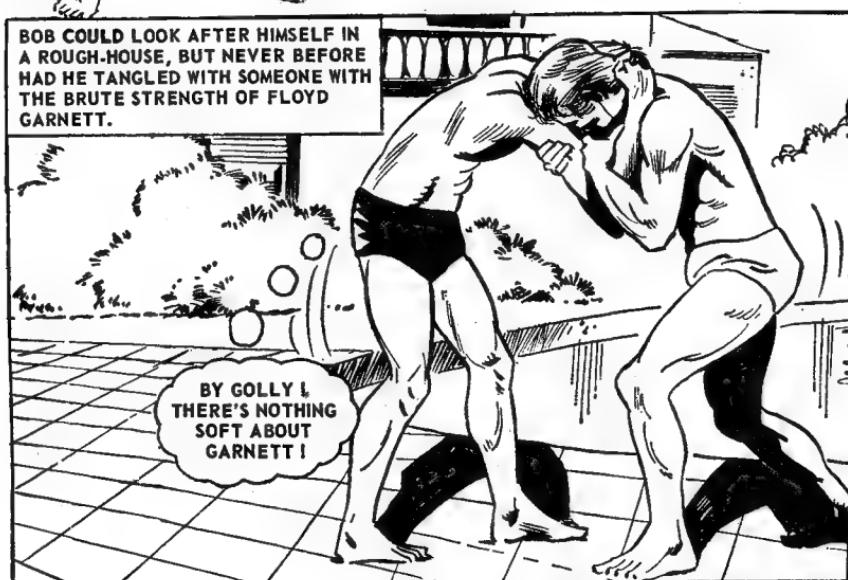
HERE, HAVE
A CRACK AT THESE.
WEIGHT LIFTING ...
NOTHING LIKE IT
FOR TONING UP
THOSE FLABBY
MUSCLES.

WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT, BOB MANAGED TO LIFT THE WEIGHTS A FEW INCHES ...

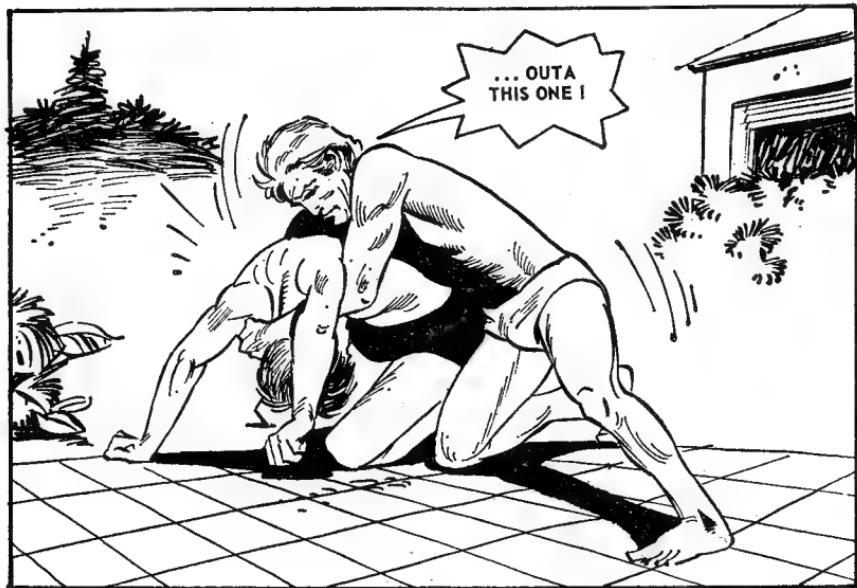


AND FLOYD GARNETT
PROCEEDED TO MAKE
GOOD HIS BOAST ...





USING ALL HIS KNOWLEDGE OF UNARMED COMBAT, HE MANAGED TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE ... AND EVEN THROW THE STAR OFF BALANCE.



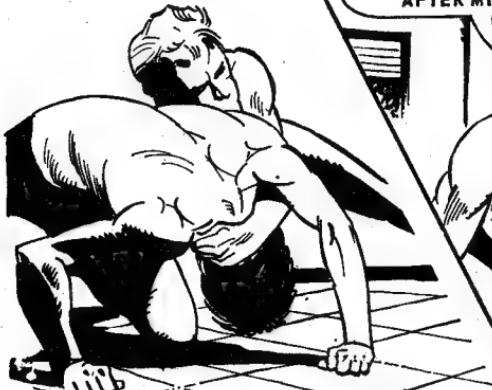
HELD IN A TERRIBLE, NECK-BREAKING HAMMER-LOCK, BOB WAS COMPLETELY HELPLESS ...



FIERCE PRIDE MADE BOB BITE BACK THE WORDS OF SURRENDER ...

AND HIS HAND WEAKLY BEAT THE GROUND IN SUBMISSION...

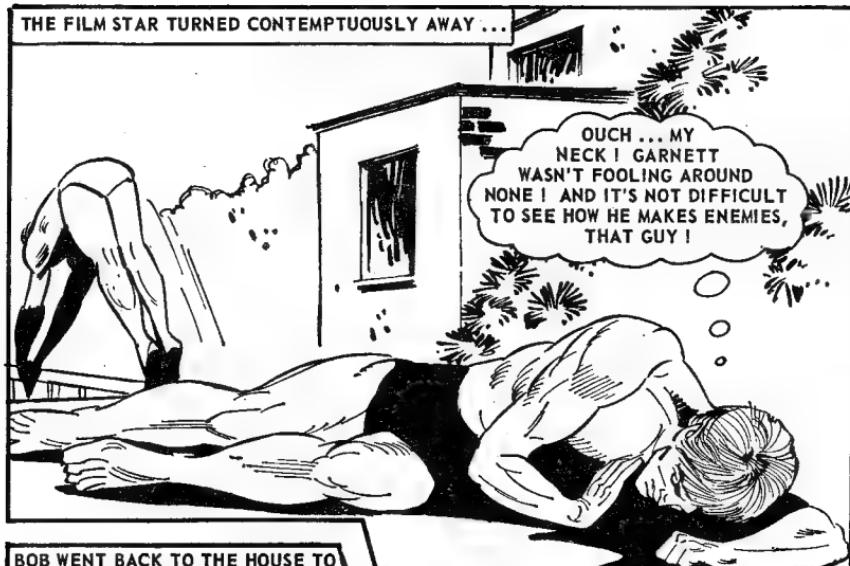
HELL'S BELLS ! SOME BODYGUARD ! YOU COULDN'T LOOK AFTER MY OLD MOTHER !



BUT GARNETT'S HOLD TIGHTENED UNTIL BOB FELT HIS SENSES REELING ...



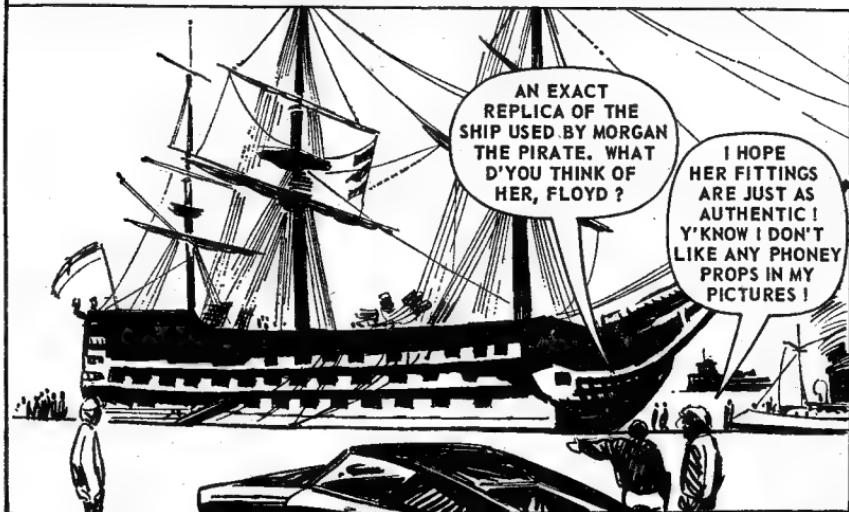
THE FILM STAR TURNED CONTEMPTUOUSLY AWAY ...



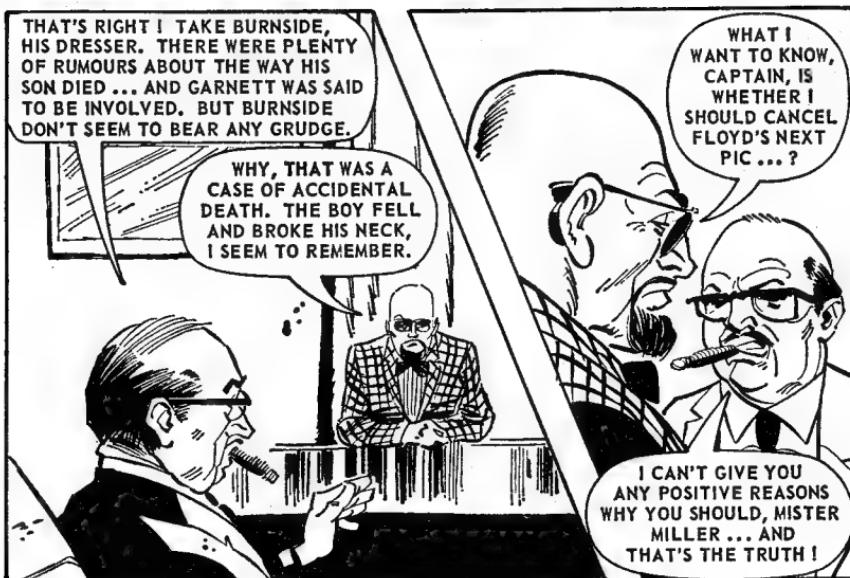
BOB WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE TO CHANGE AND WAS SOON TALKING TO SAM BURNSIDE, THE STAR'S DRESSER ...



FOR TWO WEEKS, THE SECURITY MAN TRIED TO KEEP TRACK OF FLOYD GARNETT'S ACTIVITIES. BY THEN, PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT FILM HAD BEEN FINALISED ...



BEFORE SHOOTING ACTUALLY STARTED, THE PRESIDENT OF STUPENDOUS FILMS HELD A CONFERENCE WITH THE HOMICIDE BUREAU AND HIS OWN SECURITY STAFF.



MUCH OF THE ACTION SHOTS OF THE PIRATE EPIC, ENTITLED "MORGAN'S GOLD", WERE BEING FILMED AT SEA ...



CONSCIENTIOUSLY, BOB BARNABY EXAMINED EVERY PISTOL AND MUSKET BEING USED IN EVERY SCENE.

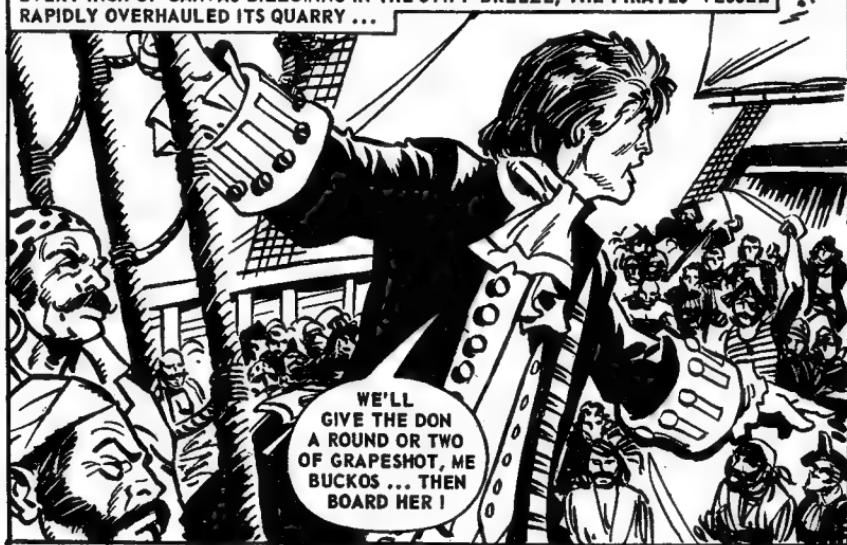
THESE'LL FIRE NOTHING MORE LETHAL THAN A PUFF O' SMOKE, MISTER BARNABY ... I CAN GUARANTEE THAT !



MORGAN, PLAYED BY FLOYD GARNETT, OF COURSE, AND HIS PIRATE CREW WERE SUPPOSED TO BE RUNNING DOWN A RICH MERCHANTMAN ...



EVERY INCH OF CANVAS BILLOWING IN THE STIFF BREEZE, THE PIRATES' VESSEL
RAPIDLY OVERHAULED ITS QUARRY ...



THE CAMERAS PANNED IN TO THE NARROW GUN DECK
AND THE DIRECTOR HAD A LAST WORD WITH HIS STAR...



PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON A FLIMSY PLATFORM SEVERAL FEET FROM
THE SHIP'S SIDE, THE CAMERA CREW WAITED UNCOMFORTABLY...



THE GUNS' MUZZLES WERE ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE CAMERA LENS. IT WOULD MAKE A VERY EFFECTIVE PICTURE, INDEED.

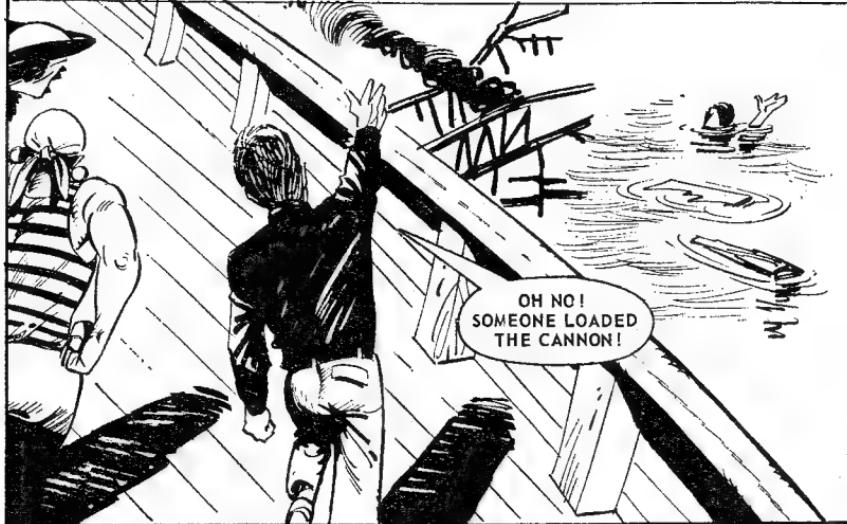
PREPARE TO FIRE, LADS...

AAAAGH!

SUFFERING SNAKES! W-WHAT HAPPENED?

THE GUNS ROARED. THERE WAS A GUSH OF FLAME AND SMOKE FROM THE Gaping MUZZLES... AND...

A FEW SPLINTERED FRAGMENTS WERE ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE CAMERA PLATFORM...



BOB GLIMPSED A
FIGURE WEAKLY
STRUGGLING IN
THE SEA ...



IT WAS CHARLIE WILLIAMS, TOP CAMERAMAN ON SO MANY OF FLOYD GARNETT'S FILMS...



TERRIBLY INJURED BY THE CANNON BALL,
CHARLIE WILLIAMS BREATHED HIS LAST.
THE OTHER CAMERAMAN HAD VANISHED
WITHOUT TRACE.



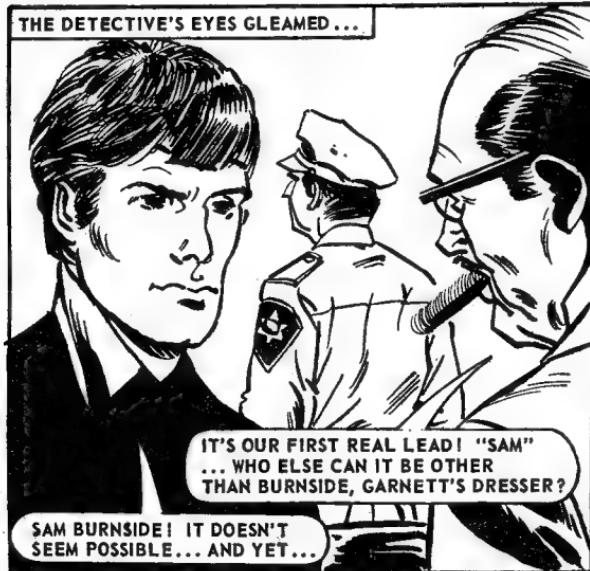
FLOYD GARNETT GLARED AT BOB.



ALREADY, THE PIRATE SHIP HAD BEEN TURNED BACK TO PORT.
AN HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN PAINTER WAS RECEIVING BOB'S REPORT...



THE DETECTIVE'S EYES GLEAMED ...



... AND YET HE WAS
TOP OF THE LIST WHEN
WE WERE LOOKING FOR
GARNETT'S ENEMIES!
YEAH, WE'LL GET THE
TRUTH OUT OF
BURNSIDE... THAT'S
FOR SURE!



BOB HIMSELF WAS TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED FROM HIS SECURITY JOB ON "MORGAN'S GOLD." IT LEFT HIM TIME TO THINK...

HI, MISTER BARNABY...
I HEARD YOU WERE SUSPENDED,
TOO! LOOKS LIKE YOU AND ME
TOOK THE RAP, HUH?

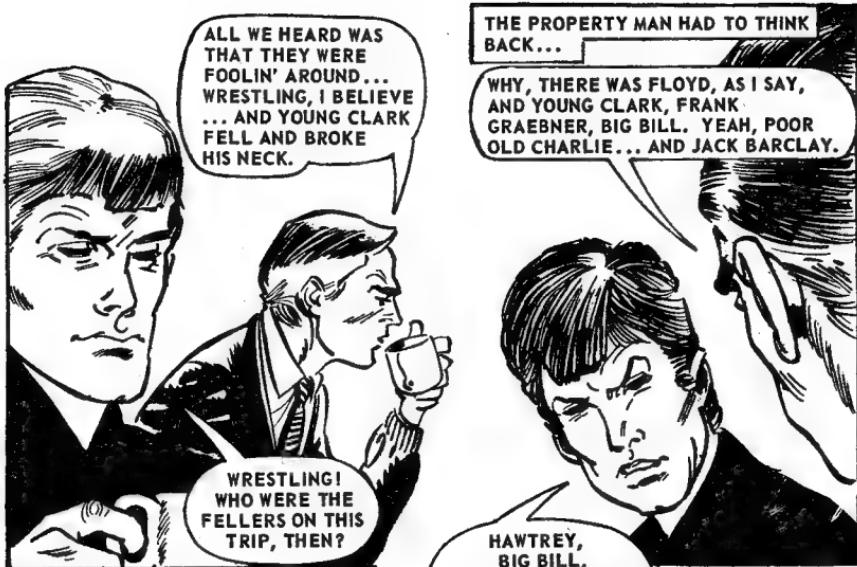


HI, MAC!
LOOKS THAT WAY!
BUT WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT
THAT OLD SAM WOULD
HAVE BEEN
RESPONSIBLE...

BOB AND THE PROPERTY MAN GOT TALKING...

THIS BUSINESS
ABOUT SAM'S SON...
IT WAS BEFORE MY TIME,
WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED,
D'YOU KNOW?

WELL,
FLOYD AND A
FEW O' THE FELLERS,
INCLUDING SAM'S SON,
CLARK, WENT ON
A HUNTING
TRIP...



HE CHECKED WITH HEAD OFFICE...



ON LOT 15...



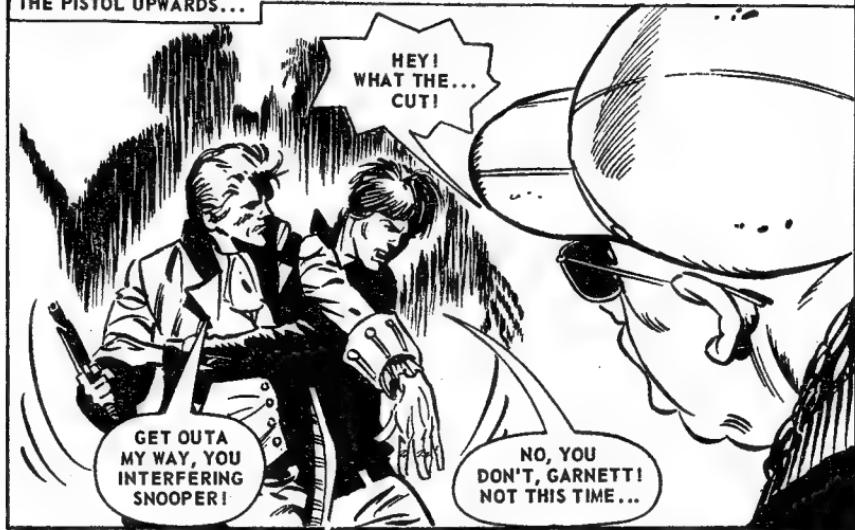
THE SCENE WAS IN FULL SWING WHEN BOB ARRIVED. HE RECOGNISED THE MAN PLAYING THE PIRATE'S LIEUTENANT AT ONCE...



SOME SIXTH SENSE MADE BOB FLING HIMSELF AT GARNETT...



THERE WAS UPROAR ON THE SET AS BOB STRUGGLED WITH THE STAR, FORCING THE PISTOL UPWARDS...



THE STAR SEEMED TO GO BERSERK...



THE PISTOL FIRED... AND JACK BARCLAY
GAVE A YELL OF ALARM...



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, GARNETT SENT BOB BARNABY FLYING...



JACK BARCLAY HAD PANICKED. INSTEAD OF RUNNING TOWARDS THE CAMERAS AND THE OTHER MEN, HE DASHED UP SOME STAIRS IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM - AND GARNETT POUNDED AFTER HIM.

WHAT IN Tarnation GOES ON?



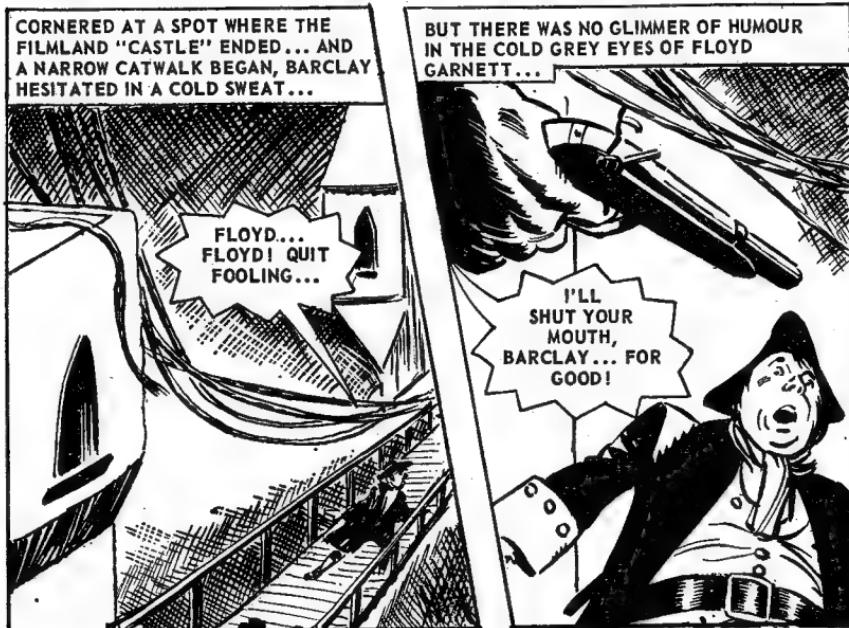
HEAD REELING, BOB FOLLOWED...

KEEP BACK, YOU GUYS... OR SOMEONE COULD GET KILLED!





CORNERED AT A SPOT WHERE THE FILMLAND "CASTLE" ENDED... AND A NARROW CATWALK BEGAN, BARCLAY HESITATED IN A COLD SWEAT...

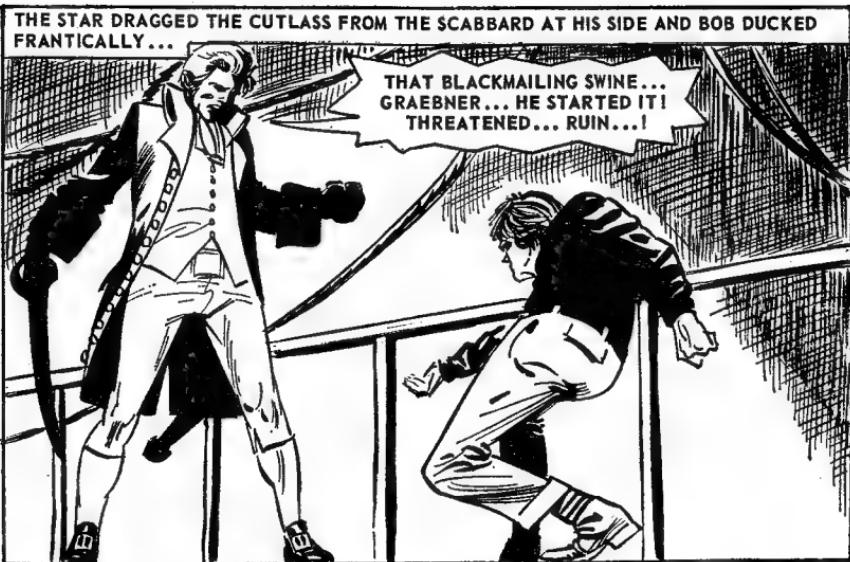


THE HAMMER OF THE PISTOL WAS FALLING... AND BOB LEAPED IN DESPERATION...



GARNETT STAGGERED FORWARD, THE PISTOL BALL DUG HARMLESSLY INTO THE PLASTER "STONWORK"...





BOB'S FOOT SLIPPED. GARNETT TOWERED ABOVE HIM LIKE AN EXECUTIONER...



THE CUTLASS SWUNG FORWARD AND DOWN... AND THEN...





DAZED AND SHAKEN, BOB BARNABY CLIMBED DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE LOT...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, BOB, CAPTAIN PAINTER OF HOMICIDE AND JACK BARCLAY, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED HUNTING TRIP, PIECED TOGETHER THE STORY ...

... FLOYD HAD BEEN BAITING YOUNG BURNSIDE ... HE WAS BIG FOR A YOUNG 'UN. THEY GOT TO WRESTLING... AND FLOYD TURNED NASTY. HE HAD CLARK IN A REAL MEAN HOLD...

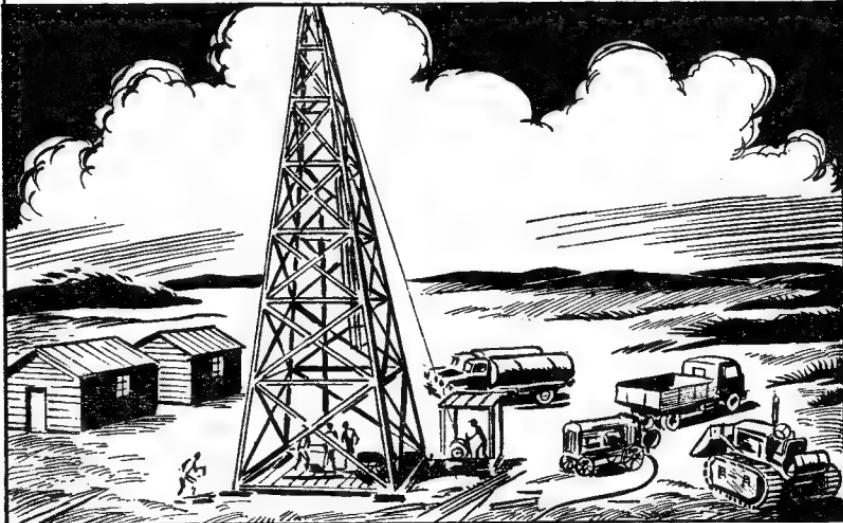


THE BODY OF FLOYD GARNETT, ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTION STARS IN FILM HISTORY, WAS BORNE FROM THE SET WHERE HE HAD PLAYED HIS LAST DRAMATIC SCENE...



TROUBLE-SHOOTER

THE DRILLING RIG STOOD 100 FEET ABOVE THE DESERT FLOOR. THE MEN WORKING AT ITS BASE SWELTERED IN THE HEAT OF THE BURNING SUN...



THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR NATURAL GAS THAT LAY HIDDEN BENEATH THE SAND. THE DRILL HAD REACHED ITS FULL DEPTH AND NOW BEGAN THE LONG JOB OF WITHDRAWING IT...



IT TOOK THIRTY MINUTES FOR THE DRILL TIP TO NEAR THE SURFACE...



THE HUGE DRILL BIT CAME SPINNING OUT OF THE BORE HOLE, AS IT DID SO THERE CAME THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF ESCAPING GAS ...



THE MEN WERE MOVING FORWARD TO CAP THE ESCAPING GAS, WHEN IT IGNITED WITH A SHATTERING EXPLOSION ...



THE FLAMES SHOT INTO THE AIR HIGH ABOVE THE RIG WITH A ROAR LIKE A JET ENGINE ...

GET THOSE MEN AWAY FROM HERE!



THE HEAT BEARED THE FACES OF THE RESCUERS AS THEY DRAGGED THEIR COMRADES AWAY FROM THE ALL-CONSUMING FLAMES.



ANY MORE LEFT UP THERE?
NO, BOSS!
THAT'S THE LOT!



EVEN FROM A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY,
THEY COULD FEEL THE BLISTERING
HEAT FROM THE BURNING GAS ...

WE'RE LOSING THOUSANDS
OF CUBIC FEET A SECOND
IN THAT BLAZE! WE'VE
GOTTA PUT IT OUT!



BOB HAD WORKED ON RIGS FOR
TWENTY YEARS. THIS WAS NOT
THE FIRST TIME HE HAD FACED
DANGER AND POSSIBLE DEATH ...

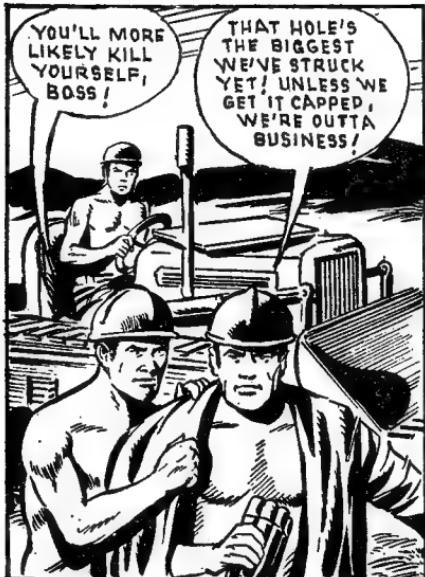
GET THE 'DOZER. YOU TWO,
HITCH HOSES TO THOSE
WATER TANKERS. I'M
GOING OVER THE STORES!



WHEN BOB REAPPEARED HE WAS CARRYING OILSKINS
AND SIX STICKS OF DYNAMITE!

ONLY ONE WAY
TO DEAL WITH
THIS DEVIL...
BLOW IT OUT!





THE WATER HIT THE HOT METAL
AND CLOUDS OF STEAM ROSE INTO
THE AIR. BOB CROUCHED LOW...



FIFTY FEET FROM THE BLAZE HE STOPPED
THE ENGINE AND CLAMBERED DOWN...

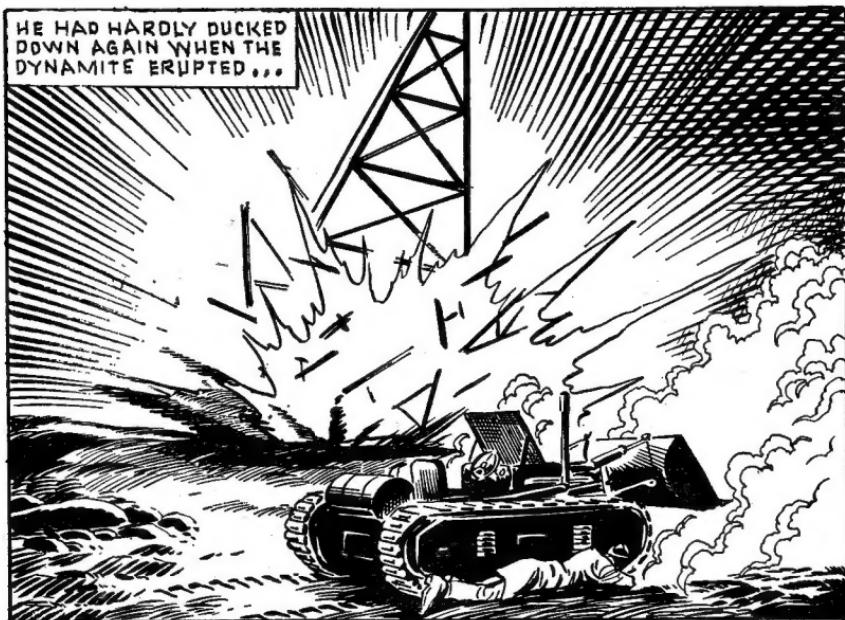
I'LL GET JUST
ONE CHANCE...
I MUSTN'T
MISS!

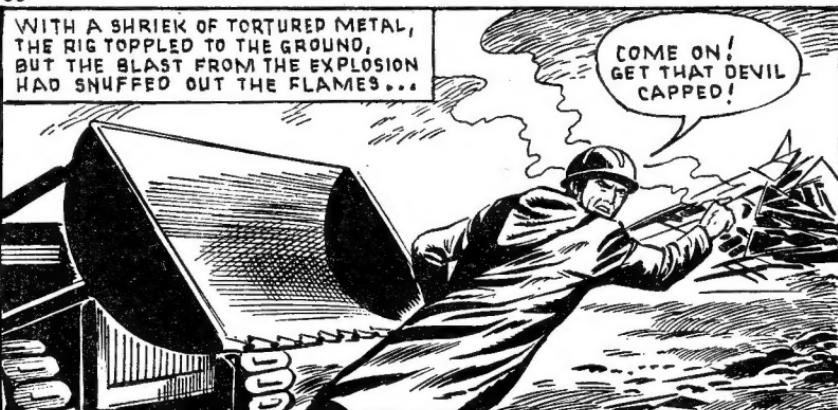


WHEN HE STOOD UP, THE
HEAT TOOK HIS BREATH
AWAY, BUT HE HURLED
THE DYNAMITE WITH
ALL HIS STRENGTH
INTO THE HEART OF
THE FLAMES ...



HE HAD HARDLY DUCKED
DOWN AGAIN WHEN THE
DYNAMITE ERUPTED ...



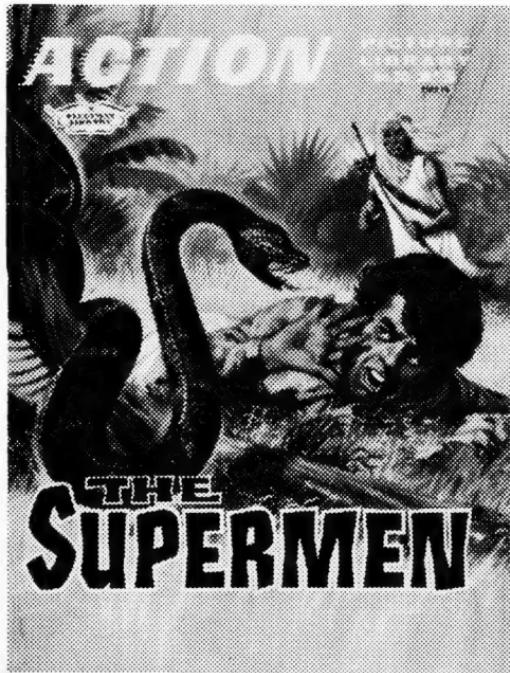


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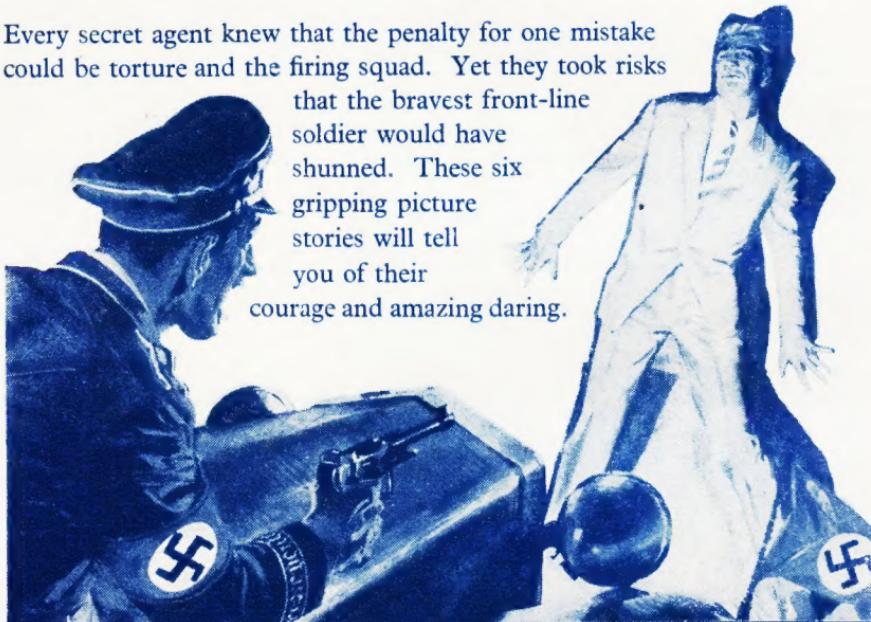
They lived in the depths of
the jungle—a race of men
such as the world had
never seen . . .



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